A

WALK

TO

ISLINGTON:

WITH A

DESCRIPTION

OF

New Tunbridge-Wells,

AND

Sadler's Musick-House.

By the Author of The Poet's Ramble after Riches.

The Second Edition.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1701.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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A WALK TO ISLINGTON, &c.

IN Holiday-Time, when the Ladies of *London*
Walk out with their Spouſes, or think themſelves Undone;
When Whores have a more than an ord'nary Itching
To viſit the Fields, and ſo Ramble a Bitching;
When Vigorous Youth the young Damſel engages
In Meadowes, on Haycocks, or under the Hedges;
When Fleſh and the Devil do greatly prevail,
And the Dame muſt have Prudence that governs her Tail;
When Honour in Wedlock by Luſt is betray'd,
And the Maids are a gog to be otherwiſe made:
Then I, like my Neighbours, to ſweeten my Life,
Took a walk in the Fields; but for want of a Wife,
Was forc'd to take up with a Lady of Pleaſure,
Who I turn'd off at Will, and enjoy'd at my Leiſure:
We ſaunter'd about near the *New-River-Head*,
Where we pratled and tatled, tho' what 'twas we ſaid,
If you'd have me diſcover, indeed I muſt fail-you,
Becauſe 'twas on Buſineſs improper to tell-you.
I found be her Words I her Heart could Command,
So quickly we ſetled the matter in hand.
We rambled about 'till we came to a Gate,
Where abundance of Rabble peep'd in at a Grate,
To gaze at the Ladies amid'ſt of their Revels,
As fine all as *Angels*, but wicked as *Devils*.
My Miſtreſs, I found, had a huge Inclination
That we ſhou'd add Two to the Lewd Congregation;
I willing to yield (for prevention of Strife)
To my Mate, as a Married Man would to his W ife,

She telling me Threepence a piece was the Price,
I once let her make me a Cull for a Sice.
Being pleas'd that I ſeem'd of ſo good a Condition,
She call'd me her *Dear*, to reward my Submiſſion.
And when ſhe had righted her Hoods and her Pinners,
We entred the Walks to the reſt of the Sinners:
Where *Lime-Trees* were plac'd at a Regular diſtance,
And *Scrapers* were giving their woeful aſſiſtance;
Where *Bawds* with their *Jilts*, and good *Wives* with their
(*Daughters*,
Were met to *Intrigue*, and to Tipple the *Waters*:
Some Drinking, ſome P--ſing, ſome Sitting, ſome Walking,
And *Beau's* with there *Belfa's* were Cringing and Talking.
Some Citizens too, one might eaſily know,
By his formally handing his *Whither d'ye go*;
For in the old Order you're certain to find 'em,
Advance with their Tallow-fac'd Daughters behind 'em;
For whether to *Church*, or to *Bawdy-houſe* bent,
It's always their Cuſtom to put on the Saint:
And look ſo demure, one would think 'twas their Faſhion
To ſay a long Grace, e'en before Copulation.

'Twas pleaſant to ſee how the ſly Female Creatures
In Pomp lead their Amorous Slaves in their Fetters;
With ſide-looks endeavouring new Hearts to Command;
Regardleſs of thoſe they had got by the Hand;
Deſirous of Trading with ſome *Interloper*,
Diſdaining old *Plugtail*, unfit for a Stopper.
The Wives of our Traders, thoſe Jems of the City,
Who thus with their Leers, and their Glances invite-ye,
From Court draw Examples of leading their Lives,
And uſe their fond Husbands, as Courtiers their Wives,
But juſt for a Show; and with ſome hidden Treaſure
Keep *Gallants*, as th' other do *Whores*, for their Pleaſure.
And that you may know ſuch a good Wife as this,
From the Buxom *Suburbian*, or common *Town-Miſs*,
In Colours moſt proper her Picture I'll Paint,
And ſhew you a Devil dreſs'd up like a Saint.

She put's on a ſanctify'd Look for Diſguiſe,
Yet *Sparrows* and *Goats* may be ſeen in her Eye:
But Ogle her well, you may read at firſt Sight,
How oft ſhe deſires to be lov'd in a Night.

So

So formal her Mouth, that her Lips ſeem to Cry,
Come Kiſs me, my Dear, or I vow I ſhall Dye.
She Minces her Steps but to Pleaſure her Rider,
Her Pace ſhe can alter, and lay her Legs wider,
Her Arms by her ſides are ſo formally poſted,
She looks like a *Pullet* Truſs'd up to be Roaſted.
True Dancing-School-Breeding in her is Recorded,
She ſhows all ſhe learn'd, when at *Hackney* ſhe Boarded:
The Swell of her Bubbies, and Jut of her Bum,
To the next Brawny Stallion, crys, *Come my Dear, Come,*
The poor Fool, her Husband, ſhe lugs by the Arm,
Who proud of his Rib, never thinks any harm:
Whilſt her Amorous ſquints, full of Luſtful Deſire,
Proclaim him a Cuckold to all that go by her.
Her Gown is of Sattin, and wants no expence,
Such as worn at the Court about ſeven Years ſince.
Her Head-dreſs of Point, a Gold Watch by her ſide,
Was given her the day ſhe was firſt made a Bride,
Her Petticoat loaded with Fringe to the Top,
Notwithſtanding it's weight, will come eaſily up.
When ever ſhe Talks, 'tis to rail againſt Evil,
And hates a Lewd Woman as bad as the Devil;
Becauſe the Profeſſion of Whore gives her Title,
To too much of what ſhe her ſelf has too little:
So pamper'd with Eaſe, and luxurious Diet,
She never can keep her Concupiſcence quiet:
Theſe Dames were the Top of this Female Convention,
Who Trade for true Pleaſure, and not for a Penſion.

The next I obſerv'd, were a number of Creatures
O'th Feminine Gender, with very good Features;
Patch'd up with odd Remnants, from Brokers Collected,
From whence by us Judges, they might be ſuſpected
To labour beneath ſo unhappy a Fate,
As to pay by ſmall Sums, what they wore by the Great.
Their Trains hung of different lengths from the Bum,
Whice ſhew by their ſize, how their Hearts are o'ercome,
By an anſw'rable *Penis*, or ſuitable Sum.
As Rattle-Snakes, bred in the *Indies*, ne'er fail
To tell you their Age, by the Joynts in their Tail;
He's therefore miſtaken, who treats 'em like Horſes,
Inſtead of their Mouths, you muſt look at their Arſes:
Theſe all were ſo feeble, there's none could withſtand
An agreeable Bribe in the Paum of her Hand.

Tho' Stout as *Minerva*, I'd knock her flat down,
By the wonderful force that's contain'd in a Crown;
Perhaps ſhe'd for half condeſcend to be civil,
And humble with Pains both the Fleſh and the Devil.
Another kind ſort, with good honeſt-look'd Faces,
From the *Hoſpital*, *Change*, and from ſuch ſort of Places,
Were come with intent to be Kiſs'd by the by;
Who ſcorn to be Hired, yet ſcorn to Deny.
In kind melting words, let 'em know your deſire,
And Swear you muſt do't, they'll not make you a Lyar:
But think themſelves under a ſtrict Obligation,
To anſwer, unbrib'd, the ſweet end of Creation.
The Sparks that attended to make up the ſhow
Were various, but firſt we'll begin with the *Beau*;
Whoſe Wig was ſo Buſhy, ſo Long, and ſo Fair,
The beſt part of Man, was quite cover'd with Hair;
That he look'd (as a Body may modeſtly ſpeak-it)
Like a *Calf* with Bald Face, peeping out of a Thicket;
Or elſe like an *Hedge-Hog* rowld up in his Briſtles,
Hides all but his Noſe in his Peruke of Thiſtles:
His Locks drudg his Coat, which ſuch filthineſs harbours,
Tho' made of Black-Cloth, 'tis as White as a Barber's.
His Sword, I may ſay, to my beſt of Belief,
Was as long as a Spit for a Sir-Loin of Beef;
Being grac'd with a Ribbon of Scarlet or Blue,
That hung from the hilt, to the heel of his Shoe.
His Gate is a Strut, which he learns from the Stage,
When Heroes by VVhores are put into a Rage,
And vow in revenge how much Blood ſhall be ſpilt,
To puniſh the ſlights of ſome Tirmagant Jilt.
Thus proud, as a Turky-Cock ſpreading it's Plumes,
He ſtalks thro' the Walks, ſo enrich'd with Perfumes,
No Altar of Incenſe could with him compare,
His Noſtrils Breath'd none but Orangery Air.
His VVig, and his Handkerchief, Gloves and Cravat,
Smelt ſweet as the Arſe of a *Muſcovie*-Cat.
His Snuſh-Box each Minute was open'd with Pains,
To fill his Head fuller of Snuſh than of Brains:
Thus Congies and Bows, with his Hat in his Hand,
And is each common *Jilt*'s Humble Slave to Command.
Abundance of theſe the Whores had at their Call,
But in ſhowing you one, you've a ſight of them all.

The Children of Fortune were next worth Obſerving,
By Stratagem kept, or from Hanging, or Starving:
Who bred to no Bus'neſs, but train'd up in Evil,
Are Cunning in huſling the Bones of the Devil:
Go on, and you here ſhall impartially View,
In this little *Speculum*, one of the Crew.

His Leers are as ſharp as the Looks of a Hawk,
His Carriage Obliging, and Fawning his Talk:
In one Pocket Cards, and Falſe Dice in the other,
To Cozen his Friend, or Impoſe on his Brother:
For this is a Maxim by Gamſters maintain'd,
At Play there is neither Relation or Friend.
When th' Box at the Table has once a beginning,
He thinks upon nothing but Cheating and Winning.
He quickly is Broke, and Recruited as ſoon,
Having more Revolutions by half than the Moon.
What ever by Knavery he wins from a Cully,
At th' Royal-Oak-Lottery he loſes thro' Folly.
To day he is Rich, and on top of the Houſe,
To morrow as Humble and Poor as a Mouſe.
Thus Fortune, altho' ſhe be Curs'd often for't,
But makes her poor Minions her ſcoff and her ſport;
And deals by her Sons, like a Bitch of a Mother,
To ſnatch with one hand what ſhe gives with the other.
He's ſometimes as Gay as a Stallion at Court,
Perhaps the next day has loſt all to his Shirt:
Thus ſtript, having nothing of worth to depoſit,
He ſneaks into Rags that lay by in the Cloſet.
Thus wanders aſham'd, till by Sharping and Tricking,
Or flinging Levant with the hazzard of Kicking;
Or elſe by th' aſſiſtance of ſome common Bitch,
H' has rais'd himſelf up to's Original Pitch:
Thus ſharking and ſhifting, in Quarrels and Strife,
He ſpins out the threads of a troubleſome Life;
Till by an old Pocky Conſumption he's hurld,
As Poorly out, as he came into th' World.

The Amorous Tribe that next hither reſorts,
Are the Fry of the Law, from the Three *Inns of Courts*;
VVho uſually want (you may read in each Face)
More VVit than Good Fortune, leſs Money than Grace.
His Parents great Hopes, yet the chief of their Trouble,
Compos'd of two Cocks-combs, the *Beau* and the *Bubble*:

Let looſe to all Follies, by th' want of no Guilt,
Turns Cully to *Royal-Oake*, *Sharper*, and *Jilt*.
Mo Money but what pays a Debt does he Grudge;
Thus ſcorns to be *Juſt*, as he hopes to be *Judge*.
The next were a Crew of Extravagant *Blades*,
Tho' Born to *Eſtates*, yet are bred up to *Trades:*
As Merchants Apprentices, Sons of the City.
VVho think to be *Lewd*, is the way to be *Witty*;
Or finely to *Dance*, or to *S*ing a new *Song*,
Are th' only two Graces to Man do belong.
Thus led by the Fury of Youth, without thinking,
To Bawdy-houſe, Play-houſe, to Gaming and Drinking,
Diſdaining good Counſel, Reproof or Command,
Till ſpent what was painfully got to their hand;
Then full of Repentance, Deſpair, and Vexation,
Are ſold, like bad Goods, to ſome Foreign Plantation.
By this time it happen'd, without Pill or Potion,
Or help of the VVaters, my *B---ch* had a Motion;
Left Doxie alone, and the Place chanc'd to chuſe,
Aſſign'd for the Laxative Ladies to uſe:
Not knowing my Error, I ſhut too the Door,
In order to do what I hinted before;
And who ſhould come running immediately after,
But a pretty young Damſel to ſcatter her VVater;
VVho being in haſte, had the *S*curvy miſhap
To thruſt open the Door, and clap *A--ſe* in my Lap:
Ads-wounds, ſaid I, *Lady fair, as I'm a Chriſtian,*
I never deſerv'd from your Sex to be Piſt-on:
The Lady, ſurpriz'd at the Voice of a Man,
Gave a skip like a *Squirril*, and out again ran.
A Curſe on the Hovel, if lighter 't had been,
Bleſs my Eyes! what a delicate ſight had I ſeen?
Her Perſon denoted her of ſuch a Genus,
I dare to engage ſhe'd a Bum like a *Venus:*
So ſoft, that I thought, I for ever cou'd feed-on
Such forbidden Fruit, like an *Adam* in *Eden*.
When Nature was Eas'd, I went back to the Garden,
And for my long ſtay, begg'd my Miſtreſſes Pardon:
But fir'd with the touch of this Sattin Bumfiddle,
The Dart of the God prick'd my Heart like a Needle.
I look'd all-around having Noted her Gown,
But alas! My dear Bird from the Grotto was flown.

I ſigh'd when I found I'd no Cure for my Pain;
But to Kiſs my old Miſtreſs again and again;
It being well known, to an experienc'd Lover,
A Flame rais'd by One, may be quench'd by Another.
When pretty well Tired, with ſeeing each Novice.
Bow down to his Idol, as if ſh' was a Goddeſs;
We walk'd by an Out-houſe, we found had been made
For Raffling, and Lott'ries, and ſuch ſort of Trade;
And caſting an Eye into one of the Sheds,
Saw a parcel of Grave Paralitical Heads,
Sit ſipping of Coffee, and poring on Paper,
And ſome Smoking ſilently round a Wax Taper;
Whilſt others at *Gammon* grown Peeviſh with Age,
Were wrang'ling for Pen'worths of Tea made of Sage.
In a Hovel adjoyning, a cunning ſly Fox,
Stood ſhov'ling of Money down into a Box;
Who by an Old Project, was picking the Pockets
Of Fools in huge Wigs, and of Jilts in Gold Lockets;
Who're ſtrangely bewitch'd to this National Evil,
Tho' th' Odds thats againſt 'em would Cozen the Devil:
The Board ev'ry time, I obſerv'd was a winner;
Pox on 'em ſays ſome, *I have paid for my Dinner*:
Whilſt others in Paſſion roſe up, that were broke,
And Curs'd the late Act that ſuppreſt not the Oak;
Of which I've heard one thing that's worth Obſervation,
They've ruin'd moſt Families throughout the Nation,
Who rais'd their Eſtates by the Old Sequeſtration.
A cunning Projector ſtood Muſing hard by,
Who was formerly known to've a Finger i'th' Pye;
He lean'd on his Cudgel, and I being near,
He breath'd out theſe Words, which I chanc'd to o'er-hear,
A new Royal-Oak with two Balls, and the Cheat
Will be thought twice as Fair, yet be doubly as great.
And why with two Balls? Cauſe it's very well known,
A Pair pleaſes Ladies much better than One.
And having thus ſpoke, in a Petulant Mood,
He trudg'd on to *Sadler*'s as faſt as he cou'd.
To gaze at the Lott'ry I ſtood by a while,
See the Gamſters all Frown, and the Lottery-man Smile;
Some ſcratching their Ears, others biting their Nails,
Cauſe their hands flung away what was earn'd by their tails.
Some Curſing of Fortune, and calling for Wine,
Their ſtocks being loſt, knowing no where to Dine,

Were begging the Board, with a ſorrowful Heart,
To allow 'em a Coach, who deſerv'd but a Cart.
Thus tired with ſtanding, we rambled from thence,
And left the poor Fools to be gull'd of their Pence.

The Jilts with their Cullies by this time were Prancing,
Within a large Shed, built on purpoſe for Dancing;
Which ſtunk ſo of Sweat, Pocky Breaths, and Perfume,
That my Miſtreſs and I ſoon avoided the Room,
And left the Lewd Herd, to examine new Faces.
And practice their Buttock-ball, Capers and Graces,
At *Bev'ridge*'s Learnt, and at ſuch ſort of Places,
Being ſurfeited now with this dull Recreation,
Our Fancies inclin'd to ſome pretty Collation
Of Cheeſecakes, and Cuſtards, and Pidgeon-Pye-puff,
With Bottle-Ale, Cider, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff.
Thus being reſolv'd, I conſulted my Dear,
And ask'd if ſhe knew any Place that was near,
Would yield us ſome Paſtime as well as good Chear.
Who after a little Debate made a Bargain,
To turn into *Sadler*'s for ſake of the Organ;
The kind part of Females being always advancing
(For Pleaſure) the Int'reſt of Muſick and Dancing.

VVe enter'd the Houſe, were conducted up Stairs,
VVhere Lovers o'er Cheeſcakes were ſeated by Pairs.
The Organs and Fiddles were Scraping and Humming,
The Gueſs for more Ale on the Tables were Drumming,
And poor *Tom*, amaz'd, crying, *Coming*, *Sir*, *Coming*,
The Faint-Hearted Youth, who was fearful to ask
His Lady the Queſtion, had call'd for a Flask;
That by the kind Juice, with more Courage inſpir'd,
He boldly might Beg what ſhe fondly Deſir'd.
VVhilſt others, Ill-bred, lolling over their Mugs.
VVere Laughing and Toying with their *Jones* and their *Jugs*;
Diſdain'd to be Slaves to Perfections, or Graces,
Sat puffing Tobacco in their Miſtreſſes Faces.

Some Prentices too, who had made a Bold Venture,
And Treſpaſs'd a little beyond their Indenture,
VVere each of them Treating his Miſtreſſes Maid,
For letting 'em in, when his Maſter's a Bed.
They tippled like Fiſhes, and prattled like Parrots,
And Gobbled down Cakes, as a Sow would do Carrots:
My Love to you *Thomas*, I thank you, good *Betty*;
I muſt have a Kiſs, But I Vow I won't let ye.

VVhy *Roger* Kiſt *Nanney*, and *Phillip* Kiſt *Jenney*;
And I'll have one too: Poh, the Devil is in-ye;
You'll never have done till I give you a Schooling;
You've rumpled my Head, that you have, with your Fooling;
You think, I believe, that my things coſt no Money;
I wonder you'd do ſo, you great ſilly *Tony*.
By this time the Drawer had brought us our VVine,
VVith Tarts, Cakes, and Cuſtards, and all that was fine,
To which we ſat down, and did Eat, Talk, and Tipple,
To ſolace our ſelves like the reſt of the People.
For want of a Third in our Meſs, we were fain
To uſe *Hertfordſhire* kindneſs, *Here's to you again.*
And then, that my Lady might ſmile at the Jeſt,
I drank in a Bumper, a Health to the beſt
Of VVomen in *Chriſtendom*; ſhe condeſcended
To Pledge me, believing 'twas her I intended.
Thus having Refreſh'd our ſelves after our Walk,
VVe look'd o'er the Gallery like the reſt of the Folk;
VVithout-ſide of which, the Spectators to pleaſe,
VVere Gods Painted roving in Clouds and in Seas;
A *Nymph* in a fright running over the VVater,
And *Neptune* to Kiſs her was Riding Poſt after.
Another chaſte Damſel turn'd into a Lawrel,
To hinder *Apollo* from handling her *Squirrel.*
Of ſuch ſort of Stories the Pannels were full;
Europia beſtriding a God like a Bull;
From whence City Dames firſt were taught the ill uſes
Of Riding and Ruling their Horn-Headed Spouſes.
Our Eyes being glutted with this pretty Sight,
We began to look down, and examine the Pit,
Where Butchers and Bayliffs, and ſuch ſort of Fellows,
Were mix'd with a Vermin train'd up to the Gallows.
As Buttocks and Files, Houſe-breakers and Padders,
With Prize-Fighters, Sweetners, and ſuch ſort of Traders;
Informers, Theef-Takers, Dear-Stealers, and Bullies,
Old Straw-hatted Whores, with their Twelve-penny Cullies,
Some Dancing and Skiping, ſome Ranting and Tearing,
Some Drinking and Smoaking, ſome Lying and Swearing;
And ſome with the Tapſters, were got in a Fray,
Who without Paying Reck'ning were ſtealing away.
Which made Lady Squab, with her Moonifi'd Face,
By the ſide of the Organ, reſume her old Place,

With

With hands on her Belly, ſhe open'd her Throat,
And ſilenc'd the Noiſe, with her Muſical Note:
The Gueſts were all Huſh, and Attention was given,
The liſtening Mob thought themſelves in a Heaven;
If the Raviſhing Song which ſhe ſung, you wou'd know,
It was *Rub, rub, rub; rub, rub, rub; in and out ho.*
As ſoon as her ſweet, modeſt, Ditty was done,
She withdrew from her Wicker, as Chaſte as a Nun.
The Butchers ſo pleas'd with her warbling ſtrains,
Both Knock'd her, and Clap'd her all round for her Pains.

Then up ſtarts a Fildler in Scarlet, ſo fierce,
So unlike an *Orpheus*, he look'd like a *Mars*.
He runs up in Alt, with a Hey-Diddle-diddle,
To ſhew what a Fool he could make of a Fiddle;
And has ſuch an excellent hand at a Pinch,
He hits half a Note to a Quarter of an Inch.

Then in comes a Damſel dreſt up in her Tinſy,
Too Homely and Sluttiſh to tickle ones Fancy;
By her Impudence ſure, tho' ſhe's Ag'd but Eleven,
She knew how to Sin by the time ſhe was Seven;
Arm'd *Amazon* like, with abundance of Rapiers,
Which ſhe puts to her Throat, as ſhe Dances and Capers.
And further, the Mob's Admiration to kindle,
She turns on her Heel, like a Wheel on a Spindle;
And under her Petty-coats gathers ſuch Wind,
That Fans her, and cools her, before and behind.

The next that appear'd, was a Young Babe of Grace,
With *Merc'ry* in's Heels, and a Gallows in's Face;
Whoſe Sawcy Behaviour, and Impudent Air,
Denotes he was Born for a *Barthol'mew-Fair*:
Begot in a Cellar, at Head of a But,
His Father a Tapſter, his Mother a Slut;
And that the good Liquor might o'er him prevail,
No Pap did they give him, but Nurs'd him with Ale.
Thus wrap'd in Blew-Apron, inſtead of a Clout,
Was Rock'd in a Tap-Tub, and Chriſt'ned in Stout;
Which makes the Child's Impudence greatly ſurmount
A Hundred bold Baſtards Baptis'd at a Font.
In Dancing a Jig, lies the chief of his Graces,
And making ſtrange Muſick-houſe Monkey-like Faces.

Then in a Clown's Dreſs comes my honeſt Friend *Thomas*,
Who looks by his Bulk to be Lord of the *Domus*;
He cocks up his Hat, draws his Heels to his Arſe,
And makes his own Perſon as good as a *Farce*:
But ſince thou art Honeſt, and fills me good *Nants*,
I'll let thee alone, and not ſpoil a good Dance.

F I N I S.

DE 91 MUSEUM